to eyther of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, *Mounsier le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palatine, hee is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, hee fals straight a capring, hee will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I shall neuer requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and sweare that I haue a poore penniworth in the English: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suted, I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerissa. What thinke you of the Scottish Lord his Neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he wold pay him againe when he was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his surety, and seald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, hee is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better then a beast; and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your fathers wil, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therfore for feare of the worst, I prethee set a deep glasse of

of Reynish Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell bee within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. *I* will do any thing *Nerissa*, ere ile be married to a spunge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady, the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more sute, vnlesse you may be won by some orher sort then your fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If *I* liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, *I* will die as chaste as *Diana*, vnlesse *I* bee obtained by the manner of my fathers will: *I* am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but *I* dote on his very absence; & *I* pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your fathers time, a *Venetian* Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in company of the Marquesse of *Mountferrat*?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as *I* thinke he was so call'd.

Ner. True Maddam, he of all the men that euer my foolish eyes lookt vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and *I* remember him worthy of thy praise.

How now, what newes?

Enter a seruingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke for you Madame, to take their leaue; and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Master will be heere to night.

Por. If *I* could bid the fist welcome, with so good a heart as *I* can bid the other foure farwell, *I* should be glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a diuell, *I* had rather he should shriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerissa*, sirra go before: whiles we shut the gates vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Bass. *I* sir, for three months.

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